

He lispes in's neighing able to entice  
A Millars Mare,  
Hee'l be the death of her.

*Doctor.* What Ruffe she utters?

*Taylor.* Make curtsie, here your love comes.

*Woer.* Pretty soule

How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtsie.

*Daugh.* Yours to command ith way of honestie;  
How far is't now to th end o'th world my Masters?

*Doctor.* Why a daies Iorney wench.

*Daugh.* Will you goe with me?

*Woer.* What shall we doe there wench?

*Daugh.* Why play at ffoole ball,  
What is there else to doe?

*Woer.* I am content

If we shall keepe our wedding there:

*Daugh.* Tis true

For there I will assure you, we shall finde  
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture  
To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish;  
Besides my father must be hang'd to morrow  
And that would be a blot i'th businesse  
Are not you *Palamon*?

*Woer.* Doe not you know me?

*Daugh.* Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing  
But this pore petticoate, and too corse Smockes.

*Woer.* That's all one, I will have you.

*Daugh.* Will you surely?

*Woer.* Yes by this faire hand will I.

*Daugh.* Wee'l to bed then.

*Woer.* Ev'n when you will.

*Daugh.* O Sir, you would faine be nibling.

*Woer.* Why doe you rub my kisse off?

*Daugh.* Tis a sweet one,  
And will perfume me finely against the wedding.  
Is not this your Cosen *Arcite*?

*Doctor.* Yes sweet heart,  
And I am glad my Cosen *Palamon*

Has made so faire a choice.

*Daugh.* Doe you thinke hee'l have n

*Doctor.* Yes without doubt.

*Daugh.* Doe you thinke so too?

*Taylor.* Yes.

*Daugh.* We shall have many childre  
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely  
Now he's at liberty: Alas poore Chick  
He was kept downe with hard meate, and  
But ile kisse him up againe.

*Mess.* What doe you here, you'l loo  
That ev'r was seene.

*Taylor.* Are they i'th Field?

*Mess.* They are

You beare a charge there too.

*Taylor.* Ile away straight

I must ev'n leave you here.

*Doctor.* Nay wee'l goe with you,  
I will not loose the Fight.

*Taylor.* How did you like her?

*Doctor.* Ile warrant you within thefe  
Ile make her right againe. You must n  
But still preserve her in this way.

*Woer.* I will.

*Doc.* Lets get her in.

*Woer.* Come sweete wee'l goe to  
And then wee'll play at Cardes.

*Daugh.* And shall we kisse too?

*Woer.* A hundred times

*Daugh.* And twenty.

*Woer.* I and twenty.

*Daugh.* And then wee'l sleepe to

*Doc.* Take her offer.

*Woer.* Yes marry will we.

*Daugh.* But you shall not hurt me

*Woer.* I will not sweete.

*Daugh.* If you doe (Love) ile cry.